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THE GLOBE
...BROAD AND SEVENTH STS

JOHN L. ON A SICK BED

Affecting Meeting in Boston Between the Great Pugilist and Bob Fitzsimmons.

WANTS TO BE CREMATED

This Desire Expressed by the Old-Time Champion—How Corbett Got Him.

Two former monarchs of the prize ring met yesterday under rather pathetic circumstances. They were John L. Sullivan, Boston's greatest fistie idol, and Robert J. Fitzsimmons, one of the most remarkable pugilists in the history of the world.

The meeting of the ex-champions was an embarrassing one. One—the great John L., perhaps the most picturesque character that ever graced the prize ring—battered and wrecked from disease and the excesses of high living, lay in a bed at the home of his sister, Mrs. Lennon, at No. 87 Brook Avenue, Roxbury. The once mighty gladiator had lost all of his old-time vim and vigor. Add to his general ill health, the spectacle of the former great fighter looking through a pair of deep blue goggles and the picture of the broken-down athlete with monstrous flowing mustache of white, and his white hair, and the picture of dejection and physical wreck is complete.

A glance at the form propped up by pillows in the house that years ago he presented to his sister, and then one at his visitor yesterday noon, furnished material for deep consideration.

The one was a broken-down man, almost still in the prime of life—for Sullivan is only forty-five; the other a robust, agile athlete, still ready to do battle with the most aspiring young man in the boxing world (Fitzsimmons, according to his own statement, is forty-two). One has lived a quiet, careful life, the other has tasted the sweets too often.

"Hello, Bob," said John.

Hardly had Fitz reached Boston early in the week when he learned that John

L. was sick and penniless. It was a Globe man who informed Fitz that Sullivan was prostrate, and Fitzsimmons begged to be taken to the bedside of his old-time friend. So yesterday morning a carriage called at Fitz's hotel and the ex-champion, with his manager, Joseph Edmondson, and a few friends, climbed in and were driven to the house which Sullivan now calls "home."

This party was ushered in by Sullivan's sister, and the visitors were asked to meet the great John L. in his chamber. The bright sunlight was shut out by closely drawn curtains. Then in deep, guttural tones from the bed came a hearty "Hello, Bob."

There was no mistaking the owner of that thunderous voice, Fitz, wearing a neat fitting frock coat and glittering tall hat, strode over to the bedside and grasped the big hand extended toward him. The two great fighters were visibly affected. Sullivan raised himself on his elbow and looked steadily at Fitz through his glasses for some few seconds. "How are you, John?" said Fitz when the big fellow showed signs of relaxing his vice-like grip.

After the prostrate Sullivan had shaken hands with the others, he laid back again against the pillows, while Fitz took a seat on the side of his bed, at his feet, where he could converse with Sully without inconveniencing the latter. Fitz was careful to see that John did not suffer in any way, even going so far as to tuck the bed clothing closely around the sick man.

Expects to be Out Soon.

After the first few words an embarrassing silence ensued, for no one cared about broaching the question of the ex-champion's sickness. But he soon broke the silence by saying: "You see, I'm down and out, but I'll be up and around in a few days. My stomach has sort of played me mean, and my eyes have quit me, too."

"I tell you, Bob, a fellow can't play with the kind of water I've been up against and still hope to be there. But at that, I guess, I've gained some weight since I've been here, for although I can only take milk and water, with a dash or two of salt—the salt gives the thing a flavor, y'see—it has built me up. Then I smoke a good deal, and d-d if the pipe ain't as good as eating and drinking to me."

"Well, John, I don't see but what you're all right. Why they told me that you were an invalid and all broke up. I can't see anything the matter with you, and if it wasn't for those things on your eyes you'd look as good as ever."

That was where Fitz executed a corking feat, for he drew John L. out, and he was in line to deliver a perfect volley

of funny, grave and characteristic remarks.

In a deep, guttural voice John L. replied: "Bob, there's nothing to it. I'll be around all right in a little while, and then it's Baden Springs, Hot Springs or some other sulphur bath for me. 'I've been taking two or three kinds of medicine since I came home here' to my sister's, but I'm going to quit taking the stuff in a day or two. It's no good. Fitz never did believe much in medicine. This world is a conf' any way. Why they talk about religion, and heaven and hell. What do they know about heaven and hell? They never were there, and no one ever came back and told us what they were like."

Disagree on Cremation.

"I think when a guy croaks he just dies, and that's all there is to him. They bury some of them, but they won't plant me. 'When I go,' the big fellow faltered, 'they'll burn me.'"

"That's the game for me, Bob! Cremation, that's what they call it. 'You're left but your ashes, and each of your friends can have some of you to remember you by. It's the most natural thing in the world—let them burn you up when you're all in. I tell you it's the proper thing.'"

The logic of Sullivan did not meet with the approval of Fitzsimmons, and quite a lengthy discussion followed on the merits of the subject.

Fitz was becoming more at ease and talked more freely. His natural antipathy toward Jim Corbett crept out, and the man who whipped the man who beat Sullivan said he would box Corbett four or six rounds at Sullivan's benefit, and he did not want a cent for his services.

Sullivan then chimed in that Corbett—"Well, Bob, he licked me and beat me on the level."

Fitz Wants to Help.

"Yes, John, but you were not yourself then. Why, I remember, I sat at the ringside, and if you remember, you nearly nailed him in the very first round. I don't think I'll ever forget it. It was with a right swing and just missed him by an eighth of an inch."

"Lord, but it was a wallop, and if it ever landed, there would have been no more of Corbett. It came so close to landing right here—and Fitz pointed out the spot on his own chin—that I pulled my own head back and it struck a fellow sitting in the chair behind me in the face," said Fitz, almost sorrowfully.

And so the talk went on for over an hour.

Fitzsimmons inquired about the proposed benefit which is to be tendered Sullivan. He promised his old friend, who is now in need of money, that he could count on him to come over and do what he could to help the old fellow along at his benefit. Fitz thought for a moment and then said: "I'll be a good card for him to box someone four or six rounds, and said: 'If we could only get Corbett to come over and spar with me, wouldn't it be great? But John said that such a thing was impossible in this city now.'"

Sullivan said in a quizzical sort of way: "Say, Bob, how old are you? I was in a party where Al Smith won a basket of wine and \$50 on your age. You're forty-one, aren't you?"

"John, people have said I was fifty-eight and some 62, but I'll be forty-two years old next June. I was born in Helson, Cornwall, Eng., in June, 1882."

"And your mother's name was Strongman, wasn't it, Bob?"

"I'm sure, but how did you know?"

"O, I saw the birth certificate."

"How old are you, John?" asked Fitz.

"I'll be forty-six next October."

Taking of the Picture.

Just before the meeting ended the talk once more drifted back to Sullivan's health. John once more assured the party that he would be all right before long, and he said that he had learned a good lesson during the present illness.

"What we read about this millionaire—what's his name, Rockefeller—who is worth \$300,000,000, and has no stomach to eat with. Well, what gent and myself are in the same boat. Only I haven't any \$300,000,000."

Sullivan noticed the camera which the Globe photographer carried, and asked what it was for. He was told that the Globe hoped to get a photograph of him and Fitz as they met, but that this has been abandoned of course, such a thing was impossible.

"Impossible? No, I guess not, my boy. If there's any place I like to go to, it's the newspaper fellows—great boys they are. They will do more good for a man than all the preachers in creation. I'm always find me ready to oblige reporters any time it's within my powers. What do you say, Bob?"

Bob acquiesced, and then the great John L. lifted himself to a sitting position and put his legs outside the bed.

That was the most pathetic incident of the visit. With fatherly care Bob Fitzsimmons placed his great right arm behind Sullivan's broad back and held him comfortably, while the latter arranged himself. When everything was apparently ready Fitz glanced down and noticed that a part of Sullivan's legs were uncovered, and the picture-taking operations had to be postponed until the sympathetic Fitz had wrapped him carefully in the clothes. It was touching.

Then they shook hands for the last time, and as they did so John L., in his humorous style, remarked: "Bob, it would be pretty hard for us old guys to get out of the country. We have been pretty well mugged."

Fitzsimmons endeavored himself to old John L. by his visit, and John L. never forgets a friend.—Boston Globe.

COLUMBIA, VA.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
COLUMBIA, VA., April 9.—Owing to sickness among its members the progress of the annual party has been postponed indefinitely.

Miss Dwyer Fleming, of Richmond, is visiting her friend, Miss Maude Shepherd, of this place.

Mr. Frank Mayo, of Richmond, is visiting his brother, W. C. Mayo, who continues "quack."

Mr. W. O. Thomas, who has been seriously sick for several days, is convalescing at this writing.

Mr. Frank Shepherd is also reported better.

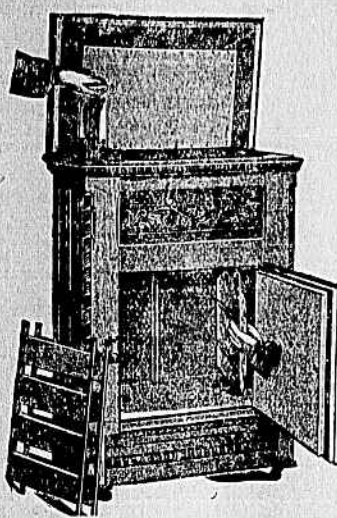
Quite a number of the citizens of Columbia and vicinity witnessed the launching of the battleship "Virginia" at Newport News April 8th.

Among the visitors from Columbia were Miss Maude Shepherd, Miss Eliza Cowherd and Miss Mary Hedgson. They

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All Your Wants can be Filled Here.

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4th and Broad Sts.

The Name that Guarantees Satisfaction.

were accompanied by Messrs. Cosby, Huelstien and Steneman.

Mrs. Charles Stebbins, who resides in the neighborhood of Columbia, had her dwelling burned Saturday night, with almost its entire contents, and no insurance on either the house or its contents.

It is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Mrs. Stebbins is a traveling saleslady for a Northern jewelry house.

SCOTTSVILLE, VA.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
SCOTTSVILLE, VA., April 9.—An Easter egg hunt at "Belle Haven" on Monday was the source of much enjoyment to about eighteen little girls and boys, the guests of Messrs. John and Lindsay Pitts and Miss Virginia Pitts.

There were eggs of all sorts, colors and descriptions, such as no well-behaved hen

would ever acknowledge as her own, and after they had been "hunted" once, the little folks begged that they might be hidden again.

Capt. J. L. Pitts has been spending several days with his family here.

Mr. W. B. Forsythe visited Scottsville Monday.

Mrs. Belle Nicholas is spending some time with her brother, Mr. Jackson Beal.

Mr. S. R. Gault spent Monday in Charlottesville.

Mr. W. S. Beal is out again, after being confined to the house by sickness for some time.

Major T. S. Heath is ill with the grip.

Mr. C. C. Hartford, who was badly cut by a colored man recently, is out again.

SOUTH BOSTON SOCIAL.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
SOUTH BOSTON, VA., April 9.—Rev. J. M. Owens and wife, of Lynchburg, spent several days this week visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Faulkner.

Miss Evelyn Bell, of Richmond, was the guest of Mrs. R. W. Lawson this week.

Mrs. Nora Robinson, of Danville, spent a few days with Mrs. W. D. Hill at "Hill Brook Farm," this week.

Mrs. E. B. Yancy is in Washington visiting her daughter, Mrs. George P. Merrill.

Mrs. Major Ingram and George L. Corbin, members of the Town Council, Danville, spent last Sunday here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Bagby have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Jane, to Mr. Walter A. Dickerson.

The ceremony will take place at the residence of the bride's parents near Omega, April 12th, at 8 P. M.

Mrs. W. T. Carter, formerly of this place, but now of Danville, Va., is here visiting relatives.

Half a Saint Stolen.

Half of a saint has been carried away by pious people from the Church of Cosma Damiano, well known to travelers to Rome as an enclosure in the temple of Bonulus.

During alterations in the ancient church an antique sarcophagus, containing the remains of a noted Franciscan monk, was unearthed and temporarily placed in a side chapel. This monk, who died in 1724, was a celebrated preacher, and the pious people of the district took it for granted that he was also a saint.

Learning that the corpse was remarkably well preserved, a story of miracles was noised about, and as a consequence the church was mobbed by men, women and children, who crowded around the coffin.

The crush was so great that a company of soldiers was called in to clear the church. When order was restored it was seen that one-half of the alleged saint had been carried away by the superstitious people.—New York Journal.

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WITH THE Children



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made in perfectly dry cakes and will retain their strength for several months. It has stood the test for 23 years. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Maine to Florida. Ask your grocer.

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Mrs. Susana Merkle
142 W. 59th St.
Chicago, Ill.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS

142 West Fifty-ninth Street, Chicago, Ill., September 20, 1903.

Being the mother of ten children and having taken Wine of Cardui for a good many years while my children were being born, I feel that I can speak with authority as to its merits. When I first married my health was not all that I could wish and I began taking Wine of Cardui before my first baby was born. It acted so well that a few months before each child was born I took Wine of Cardui and for a couple of months after the birth, and it always relieved the pains and restored me to good health. I am enjoying splendid health today and I feel that it is all due to Wine of Cardui.

Susana Merkle

WINE OF CARDUI

Many women's lives are unhappy on account of the dread of the dangers of childbirth, especially if they have been afflicted with menstrual irregularities or bearing down pains. Wine of Cardui relieves these troubles permanently and gives a woman health, and a perfectly healthy woman has nothing to fear from bearing children. Wine of Cardui prepares a mother for an easy and natural delivery and a quick recovery.

Thedford's Black-Draught, the companion medicine of Wine of Cardui, relieves the patient of stomach troubles and constipation which are so common during pregnancy. No expectant mother should neglect to take Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black Draught.

All Druggists Sell These Medicines